

THE FARMVILLE HERALD.

HONOR FOR THE PAST, HELP FOR THE PRESENT, HOPE FOR THE FUTURE.

VOL. XII.

FARMVILLE, VA., FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 22, 1901.

NO. 8.

CITY DIRECTORY.

MAYOR—W. T. Blanton.
TOWN COUNCIL—By Commissions.
Finance—W. E. Davidson, W. P. Gilham and E. L. Morris.
Ordinance—H. E. Wall, J. B. Farrar and E. L. Morris.
Sewerage—W. E. Davidson, A. E. Cralle and J. B. Farrar.
Comptroller—W. P. Gilham, A. E. Cralle and E. L. Morris.
Light—E. L. Morris, W. E. Davidson and J. B. Farrar.
Street—J. B. Martin, E. L. Morris and W. E. Davidson.
Police—J. B. Martin, E. L. Morris and W. E. Davidson.
Fire Department—W. E. Davidson, W. E. Davidson and J. B. Martin.
Post—E. L. Morris, A. E. Cralle and J. B. Martin.
Water—A. E. Cralle, E. L. Morris and W. P. Gilham.
Sewerage—J. B. Farrar, E. L. Morris and W. P. Gilham.
Town Clerk—E. L. Whitehead.
City Treasurer—S. W. Paulett, Jr.
City Engineer—S. W. Paulett, Jr.
City Surveyor—R. D. Miller.
Police—Louis Fagan and J. E. Ligon.
Sgt. Electric Plant—T. W. Wicker.
Chief Fire Department—G. W. Robeson.
Street Commissioner—J. S. Hart.

J. S. McILWAINE,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
FARMVILLE, VA.
Office Up Stairs in Room
10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, 32, 33, 34, 35, 36, 37, 38, 39, 40, 41, 42, 43, 44, 45, 46, 47, 48, 49, 50, 51, 52, 53, 54, 55, 56, 57, 58, 59, 60, 61, 62, 63, 64, 65, 66, 67, 68, 69, 70, 71, 72, 73, 74, 75, 76, 77, 78, 79, 80, 81, 82, 83, 84, 85, 86, 87, 88, 89, 90, 91, 92, 93, 94, 95, 96, 97, 98, 99, 100.

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Special attention paid to collections.

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A variety of prices and styles.

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No trouble to show them.

We repair the old ones, too.

Thousands Have Kidney Trouble and Don't Know It.

How To Find Out.

Fill a bottle or common glass with your water and let it stand twenty-four hours; a sediment or settling indicates an unhealthy condition of the kidneys; if it stains your linen it is evidence of kidney trouble; too frequent desire to pass it or pain in the back is also

convincing proof that the kidneys and bladder are out of order.

What To Do.

There is comfort in the knowledge so often expressed, that Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, the great kidney remedy fulfills every wish in curing rheumatism, pain in the back, kidneys, liver, bladder and every part of the urinary passage. It corrects inability to hold water and scalding use of liquor, or bad effects following use of liquor, wine or beer, and overcomes that unpleasant necessity of being compelled to go often during the day, and to get up many times during the night. The mild and the extraordinary effect of Swamp-Root is soon realized. It stands the highest for its wonderful cures of the most distressing cases. If you need a medicine you should have the best. Sold by druggists in 50c. and \$1. sizes. You may have a sample bottle of this wonderful discovery

and a book that tells more about it, both sent absolutely free by mail, address Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y. When writing men- tion reading this generous offer in this paper.

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Is it a cheerful look? Carry that look wherever you go. It must come from a cheerful heart. It is not that insane smile which we sometimes see which is an irritation. In other words, it must be a light within us so bright that it illumines eye, cheek, nostril and mouth. Let ten men who are accustomed to walking a certain street every day resolve upon a cheerful countenance as a result of a cheerful heart, and the influence of such a facial irradiation would be felt not only in that street, but throughout the town. Cheerfulness is catching. But a cheerful look is exceptional. Examine the first 20 faces that you meet going through Pennsylvania avenue or Chestnut street or Broadway or State street or La Salle street or Euclid avenue, and 19 out of the 20 faces have either a depressing look or an avaricious look or a sneering look or a vacant look. Here is a missionary work for those who have trouble. Arm yourself with Gospel comfort. Let the God who comforted Mary and Martha at the loss of their brother, the God who comforted Abraham at the loss of Sarah and the God of David, who consoled the bereft spirit at the loss of his boy by saying: "I shall go to him;" the God who filled St. John with doxology when an exile on barren Patmos and the God who has given happiness to thousands of the bankrupt and persecuted, filling them with heavenly riches which were more than the earthly advantages that are wiped out—let that God help them. If he take full possession of your nature, then you will go down the street a benediction to all who see you, and those who are in the tough places of life and are run upon and belied and had their homes destroyed will say: "If that man can be happy, I can be happy. He has been through troubles as big as mine, and he goes down the street with a face in every lineament of which there are joy and peace and

heaven. What am I groaning about? From the same place that man got his cheerfulness I can get mine. Why art thou cast down, O my soul, and why art thou disquieted within me? Hope thou in God, for I shall yet praise him who is the health of my countenance and my God."

Again, is your talent that of wit or humor? Use it for God. Much of the world's wit is damaging. Most of satire has a sting in it. Much of caricature is malevolent. Much of smart retort is vitriolic. In order to say smart things how many will sacrifice the feelings of others! The sword they carry is keen, and it is employed to thrust and lacerate. But few men in all the world and in all the churches realize that if wit is bestowed it is given them for useful, for improving, for healthful purposes. If we all had more of it and knew how to use it right, how much it would improve our Christian conversation and prayer meeting talk and sermon! Robert South and Rowland Hill and Jeremy Taylor and Dean Swift and Lorenzo Dow and George Whitefield used their wit and their humor to gather great audiences and then lead them into the kingdom of God. Frivolity is repulsive in religious discussion, but I like the humor of Job when he said to his insolent critics: "No doubt but ye are the people, and wisdom shall die with you," and I like the humor of the prophet Elijah, who told the Baalites to pray louder, as their god was out hunting or on an excursion or in such loud conversation that he could not hear them. I like the sarcasm of Christ when He told the self-righteous Pharisees that they were so good they needed no help: "The whole need not a physician, but they that are sick," or when in mirthful hyperbole He arraigns the hypocritical teachers of His day who were so particular about little things and careless about big things, saying: "Ye blind guides that strain at a gnat and swallow a camel," and the Bible is all ablaze with epigram, words surprisingly put and phraseology that must have made the audiences of Paul and Christ nudge each other and exchange glances and smile and then appropriate the tremendous truths of the Gospel. There are some evils you can laugh down easier than you can preach down. The question is always being asked, why do not more people go to church, prayer meeting and other religious meetings? I will tell you. We of the pulpit and the pew are so dull they cannot stand it. But when we ask why people do not go to church we ask a misleading question. More people go now to church than ever in the world's history, and the reason is in all our denominations there is a new race of ministers stepping into the pulpits which are not the apostles of humdrum. Sure enough, we want in the Lord's army the heavy artillery, but we want also more men who, like Burns, a farmer at Gettysburg, took a musket and went out on his own account to do a little shooting different from the other soldiers. The church of God is dying of the proprieties.

Or is your talent an opportunity to set a good example? One person doing right under adverse circumstances will accomplish more than many treatises about what is right. The census has never been taken of lovely old folks. Most of us, if we have not such a one in our own house now, have in our memory such a saint. We went to those old people with all our troubles. They were perpetual evangelists, by their soothing words, by their hopefulness of spirit, an inexpressible help. I cannot see how Heaven could make them any lovelier than they are or were. But there are exceptions. There is a daughter in that family whose father is impatient and the mother querulous. The passage of many years does not always improve the disposition, and there are a great many disagreeable old folks. Some of them forget that they were young themselves, and they become untidy in their habits and wonder how, when their asthma or rheumatism is so bad, other people can laugh or sing and go on as they do. The daughter in that family bears all the peevishness and unreasonable behavior of senility without answering back or making any kind of complaint. If you should ask her what her five talents are or her one talent is, she would answer that she has no talent at all. Greatly mistaken is she. Her one talent is to forbear and treat the childishness of the old as well as she treats the childishness of the young. She is no musician, and besides there may not be a piano in the house. She cannot skillfully swing a croquet mallet or golf stick. Indeed, she seems shut up to see what she can do with a ladle and a broom and a brush and other household implements. She is the personification of patience, and her reward will be as long as Heaven. Indeed, much of her reward may be given on earth. She is in a rough college, from which she may after awhile graduate into brightest domesticity. She is a heroine, though at present she may receive nothing but scolding and depreciation. Her one talent of patience under trial will do more good than many morose covered sermons on patience preached to-day from the tasseled cushion of the pulpit.

There is a man in business life whose one talent is honesty. He has not the genius or the force to organize a company or plan what is called a "corner in wheat" or "a corner in stocks" or "a corner" in anything. He goes to business at a reasonable hour and returns when it is time to lock up. He never gave a check for \$20,000 in all his life, but he is known on the street and in the church and in many honorable circles as an honest man. His word is as good as his bond. He has for 30 years been referred to as a clean, upright, industrious, consistent Christian man. Ask him how many talents he has, and he will not claim even one. He cannot make a speech, he cannot buy up a market, he cannot

USING OUR TALENTS.

Sermon for Those Given to Depreciate Themselves.

Discourse of Dr. Talmage on the Short Text, "To Another One"—Difficult Task to Accurately Estimate Ourselves.

[Copyright, 1901, by Louis Klopfch, N. Y.] Washington, June 2.

This is a discourse by Dr. Talmage for those given to depreciate themselves and who have an idea that their best attempts amount to little or nothing; text, Matthew 25: 15, "To another one."

Expel first from this parable of the talents the word "usury." It ought to have been translated "interest." "Usury" is finding a man in a tight place and compelling him to pay an unreasonable sum to get out. "Interest" is a righteous payment for the use of money. When the capitalist of this parable went off from home, he gave to his stewards certain sums of money, wishing to have them profitably invested. Change also your idea as to the value of one talent. You remember the capitalist gave to one of his men for business purposes five talents, to another two, to another one. What a small amount to last, you think, and how could he be expected to do anything with only one talent? I have to tell you that one talent was about \$7,200, so that when my text says: "To another one," it implies that those who have the least have much.

We bother ourselves a great deal about those who are highly gifted or have large financial resource or exalted official position or wide reaching opportunity. We are anxious that their wealth, their eloquence, their wit, be employed on the right side. One of them makes a mistake, and we say: "What an awful disaster!" When one of them devotes all his great ability to useful purposes, we celebrate it, we enlarge upon it, we speak of it as something for gratitude to God. Meanwhile we give no time at all to consider what people are doing with their one talent, not realizing that ten people of one talent each are quite as important as one man with ten talents. In the one case the advantage or opportunity is concentrated in a single personality, while in another it is divided among ten individuals. Now, what we want to do in this sermon is to wake people of only one talent to appreciation of their duty. Only a few people have five talents or ten talents, while millions have one. My short text is like a galvanic shock, "To another one."

The most difficult thing in the world is to make an accurate estimate of ourselves. Our friends value us too high, our enemies too low. To find out what we are worth morally and mentally is almost impossible. We are apt to measure ourselves by those around us, but this is not fair, as they may be very brilliant or very dull, very good or very bad. Indeed there are no human scales that can tell our exact moral and mental weight, nor is there a standard by which we can measure our exact intellectual height, so the hardest thing to do is to calculate our real stature or height. But it will be no evidence of egotism in any of us if we say that we have at least one talent. What is it, and finding what it is, what use shall we make of it? The most of the people, finding that they have only one talent, do as the man spoken of in the parable, they hide it. But if all of the people who have one talent brought it out for use before this century is half past and correspondents begin to write at the head of their letters 1950 the earth would be one of the outskirts of heaven. I ask you again: What is your one talent?

Is it a cheerful look? Carry that look wherever you go. It must come from a cheerful heart. It is not that insane smile which we sometimes see which is an irritation. In other words, it must be a light within us so bright that it illumines eye, cheek, nostril and mouth. Let ten men who are accustomed to walking a certain street every day resolve upon a cheerful countenance as a result of a cheerful heart, and the influence of such a facial irradiation would be felt not only in that street, but throughout the town. Cheerfulness is catching. But a cheerful look is exceptional. Examine the first 20 faces that you meet going through Pennsylvania avenue or Chestnut street or Broadway or State street or La Salle street or Euclid avenue, and 19 out of the 20 faces have either a depressing look or an avaricious look or a sneering look or a vacant look. Here is a missionary work for those who have trouble. Arm yourself with Gospel comfort. Let the God who comforted Mary and Martha at the loss of their brother, the God who comforted Abraham at the loss of Sarah and the God of David, who consoled the bereft spirit at the loss of his boy by saying: "I shall go to him;" the God who filled St. John with doxology when an exile on barren Patmos and the God who has given happiness to thousands of the bankrupt and persecuted, filling them with heavenly riches which were more than the earthly advantages that are wiped out—let that God help them. If he take full possession of your nature, then you will go down the street a benediction to all who see you, and those who are in the tough places of life and are run upon and belied and had their homes destroyed will say: "If that man can be happy, I can be happy. He has been through troubles as big as mine, and he goes down the street with a face in every lineament of which there are joy and peace and

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afford an outshining equipage, but what an example he is to the young, what an honor to his household, what a pillar to the church of God, what a specimen of truth and integrity and all roundness of character! Is there any comparison in usefulness between that man with the one talent of honesty and the dashing operators of the money market?

The chief work of the people with many talents is to excite wonderment and to startle and electrify the world. What use is there in all that? No use at all. I have not so much interest in the one man out of the million as I have in the million. Get the great masses of the world right and it does not make much difference about what the exceptional people are doing. Have all the people with one talent enlisted for God and righteousness, and let all those with five or ten talents migrate to the north star or the moon, and this world would get on splendidly. The hardworking, industrious classes of America are all right and would give no trouble, but it is the genius who gives up work and on a big salary goes around to excite dissatisfaction and embroilment, the genius who quits work and steps on the stage or political platform, eats beefsteak and quail on toast and causes the common laborers, compelled to idleness, to put their hands into empty pockets and eat gristle and gnaw bones. The world would be mightily improved if it could slough off about 5,000 geniuses, for there are more than that on our planet. Then the man or woman of one talent would take possession of the world and rule it in a common sense and Christian way. There would be less to amaze and startle, but more to give equipoise to church and state and world. "To another one."

Among the 114,000 words of Noah Webster's vocabulary and the thousands of words since then added to our English vocabulary there is one outstanding word the power of which cannot be estimated, and it reaches so far up and so far down, and that is the word "come." It has drawn more people away from the wrong and toward the right than any word I now think of. It has at times crowded all the 12 gates of Heaven with fresh arrivals. It will yet rob the path of death of the last pedestrians. It will yet chime so loudly and gladly that all the tolling bells of sorrow will be drowned with the music. It is piled up in the Bible's climax and peroration: "And the Spirit and the bride say, Come, and let him that heareth say, Come and let him that is athirst come." Have it on the point of your pen, have it on the tip of your tongue. Monosyllables are mightier than polysyllables, and that word "come" is the mightiest of monosyllables.

After the resurrection day and all Heaven is made up, resurrected bodies joined to ransomed souls, and the gates which were so long open are shut there may be some day when all the redeemed may pass in review before the great white throne. If so, I think the hosts passing before the King will move in different divisions. With the first division will pass the mighty ones of earth who were as good and useful as they were great. In this division will pass before the throne all the Martin Luthers, the John Knoxes, the Wesleys, the Richards, the George Peabodys, the Abbot Lawrences and all the consecrated Christian men and women who were great in literature, in law, in medicine, in philosophy, in commerce. Their genius never spoiled them. They were as humble as they were gifted or opulent. They were great on earth, and now they are great in Heaven. Their surpassing and magnificent talents were all used for the world's betterment. As they pass in review before the King on the great white throne to higher and higher rewards it makes me think of the parable of the talents: "To another ten." I stand and watch the other divisions as they go by, division after division, until the largest of all the divisions comes in sight. It is a hundred to one, a thousand to one, ten thousand to one, larger than the other divisions. It is made up of men who never did anything but support their families and give whatever of their limited means they could spare for the relief of poverty and sickness and the salvation of the world, mothers who took good care of children by example and precept starting them on the road to Heaven. Millions of Sabbath school teachers who sacrificed an afternoon's siesta for the listening class of young immortals, women who declined the making of homes for themselves that they might take care of father and mother in the weaknesses of old age, ministers of the Gospel who on niggardly stipend preached in the backwoods, meeting houses, souls who for long years did nothing but suffer, yet suffered with so much cheerful patience that it became a helpful lesson to all who heard of it; those who served God faithfully all their lives and whose name never but once appeared in print and that time in the three lines of the death column which some survivor paid for, sailors who perished in the storm while trying to get the life line out to the drowning, persecuted and tried souls who endured without complaint magnanimity and abuse, those who had only ordinary equipment for body and ordinary endowment of intellect, yet devoted all they had to holy purposes and spiritual achievement. As I see this, the largest of all the divisions, from all lands and from all ages, pass in review before the King on the great white throne I am reminded of the wonderful parable of the talents and more especially of my text: "To another one."

There are 6,742 locks and keys in the Grand opera house, Paris.

There ought to be some agreement as to what a degenerate is, or Degeneracy Made Easy.

of so many persons calling one another degenerates. More persons are called degenerates lately than there are really more of them. If it is no more reproach to be called the one than the other then all is well, but that fact ought to be understood. At present many persons have some such hazy notion of a degenerate as Hon. Bardwell Slote had of a dodo: "I don't know what a dodo is, but I know it is something nasty."

But, to judge from the qualifications for the title which are announced from time to time, it rather appears that almost anybody may be a degenerate without being a bit the worse for it. Says the New York Tribune. A professor in Chicago now says that parting the hair in the middle is a sign of degeneracy and that tattooing is so also. It seems curious, but the persons who are most conspicuous for these habits are anything but degenerate, according to the general acceptance of the term. American Indians and those who have lived among them for a considerable length of time are much given to parting their hair in the middle, and they are in a general way a rough-and-tumble sort of people, and degeneracy is far from them. Out at the Pan-American exposition an old scout with his hair parted in the middle explains the Indian show to the audience, his little daughter, perhaps ten years old, gallops around the ring, her hair parted in the middle and streaming in the wind, riding as if she grew on the back of the horse, and a hundred Indians, not only with their hair parted in the middle, but with the partings painted red and yellow and blue, stand looking approvingly on. If there is a class of persons which has changed less in the last 1,000 years than another it is sailors, yet they have had the habit of tattooing more strongly developed than any other class since the memory of man runneth not to the contrary. If the habit of calling names goes on in this way the definition of a degenerate will soon have to be "a person who does anything which I do not do," or "a person to whom I have taken a dislike."

The Chicago judge who reprimanded the attorneys in a recent case for Mean Methods of influencing the jury called attention to a practice which is not uncommon among a certain small class of lawyers. Capable attorneys are usually men with a knowledge of human nature and know how to make a lying witness impugn his own motives, but there are lawyers who do not know how and who accordingly resort to insinuation. "Is it not true," asks the attorney of the eminently respectable person on the witness stand, "is it not true that you stole a watch in 1895 and that you murdered your wife's uncle in the year following?" The witness denies the charge with indignation; the opposing attorneys spring up to make violent objections, which the judge sternly sustains. But the mischief is done—the insinuation of some questionable incident in the witness' career has been made and it cannot be withdrawn, says the Chicago News. While the majority of lawyers are above this practice, there are others whose lack of ability to impugn a witness out of his own mouth causes them to resort to it. The courts would undoubtedly be doing a service on behalf of justice if they would bend their efforts to put a stop to this practice.

A man in North Carolina was selling standing timber—walnut trees. The man who was buying came to one very handsome tree. He told the owner he would pay as much as \$50 for that tree. The owner did not sell, but sent for experts. He got \$1,500 for the tree (curled walnut) as it stood. The man who cut it down realized \$3,000 for it on the cars. It was shipped to New York and veneered one-sixth to half an inch. The sales were watched. The tree brought \$60,000.

One Sunday evening lately a rough-cast man rose in a reform club meeting and said: "I believe in owning up. When I get into trouble by making a fool of myself, or by letting somebody else lead me out of the way, I ain't goin' to shirk the blame. I am goin' to take my own load on my own shoulders. I shall just speak up and say: 'I, Bill Pike, did that!'" There's an example as well as a rebuke, for several kinds of whimpering sinners, in high places and in low.

Said a retiring Harvard professor, at a dinner in his honor, the other evening: "When I was 30 I thought I was 40; when I was 40 I thought I was 50; when I was 50 I thought I was 25, and when I was 25 I wondered if they were going to bring in the high chair at the table and give me a bottle."

Central Kansas is complaining of a horse famine. The farmers have been too ready to sell their horses to English army purchasing agents, and now the farmers are compelled to pay from \$125 to \$140 for animals that a year and a half ago found no purchasers at \$75.

SOME BETTER THING.

Some better thing. It is God's way of giving to His children. Every day We crave for things against His will. He giveth not the things we ask But in their stead things better still.

The types and shadows of the past Were by the substance far surpassed; The glories of the ages gone Were but the twilight of the rising sun.

So all of life a progress is To higher life and purer bliss. The flower fades, the fruit appears. The freshness and the bloom of youth Are followed by the ripier years.

Each stage of life but brings the soul, Some nearer to the final goal: And death itself is but the door To glorious things that lie before.

Through all the years with all they bring, God ever gives some better thing.—Rev. George S. Carson, in N. Y. Observer.

CRUMBLING CHARACTERS.

By Little's the Weakening Process Goes on Until Life's Story is Read in the Rains That Follow.

Our growth is by little, and so is our decay. We do not overcome in one great effort, but in a constant endeavor, lasting through the years of life. We are